

522<sup>ND</sup>  
FIREBALLS  
SONGBOOK

I MAY NOT  
SING ON KEY,  
BUT DAMN I CAN  
SING LOUD!



Compiled by:

11th Brnley





#### CREDITS

Compiled by: 1LT DAROLD "BRINS" BRINLEY

Artwork by: 1LT Ray "Holmes" Hodges

#### Technical Support

Maj. Rick "R.D." Davidage  
Capt. Dave "Nipper" Clark  
Capt. John "Mouse" Minney

#### Motivational Support

Capt. Jim "Brownie" Brown



#### VOCATION....1115

The average fighter pilot is one part lover and two parts tiger, with a dash of sangfroid, a dollop of joie de vivre, and a hunk of weltanschmerz thrown in for good measure. He lives with a perpetually irritated bump on the bridge of his nose where his oxygen mask rubs, is slightly deaf from listening to loud engines and radios all his life, has low blood pressure and an even lower pulse rate, is uncomfortable on the ground in anything but a tight fitting phone booth, has trigger reflexes, eyeballs on the back of his hard hat, broad peripheral vision, a rock-like bottom, and extremely articulate hands (with which he demonstrates innumerable combat maneuvers each day-between cigars). He also has the habit of looking at his fingernails often to see if they are turning blue (the basis of high-altitude oxygen management).

He believes passionately that the only degree worth having is a Ph.D. in FLYOLOGY, and is just as firmly convinced that the world is three drinks behind and that there would be no more wars if people would only catch up. Many think that he is to be replaced by some sort of flying univac, but to this he replies: "Where else can you find another non-linear servomechanism weighing only 160 pounds and having such unusual adaptability that can be produced so cheaply by unskilled labor?"

When he eventually spins in and 'buys the farm', he wants to do it with his boots on (Wellington's, modified with zippers: \$23.50) and live forevermore in a land populated by blondes...."Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, and there's poker every night."

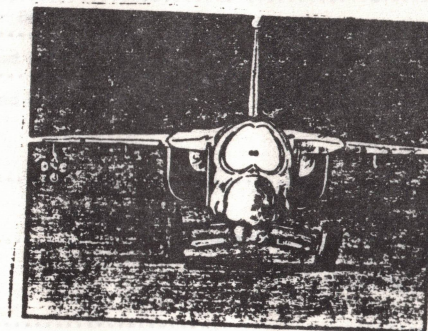
#### FIIGHTER PILOTS TOWIT

Here's to me in my sober mood,  
When I ramble sit and think.  
And to me in my drunken mood,  
When I gamble sin and drink.  
But when my flying days are over,  
And from this world I pass,  
I hope they bury me upside down,  
So the world can kiss my ass!

#### THE FIGHTER PILOT

Say what you will about him: Arrogant, cocky, boisterous, and a fun loving fool to boot- He has earned his place in the sun. Across the span of fifty years he has given this country some of its proudest moments and most cherished military traditions. But fame is short-lived and little the world remembers. Almost forgotten are the 1400 fighter pilots who stood alone against the might of Hitler's Germany during the dark summer of 1940- and gave in the words of Winston Churchill, England "It's finest hour." Gone from the hardstands at Duxford, are the 51's with their checkerboard noses that terrorized the finest fighter squadrons the Luftwaffe had. Dimly remembered- the fourth fighter group that gave Americans some of their few proud moments in the skies over Korea. How fresh in recall are the air commandos who valiantly struck the VC with their aging "Skyraiders" in the rain and blood soaked valley called A-Shau? And how long will be remembered the "Phantoms" and "Thuds" over "Route Pack Six" and the flak filled skies over Hanoi? Barrel Roll, Steel Tiger, and Tally Ho. So here's a "Nickle on the grass" to you my friend, and your spirit, enthusiasm, sacrifice, and courage- but most of all to your friendship. Your's is a dying breed and when you are gone- the world will be a lesser place!

-Friar Tuck-





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

\$ Victor Alert Song.....	1
Public Hairs.....	2
Aardvark Song	
\$ The Tripoli Hillbillies.....	3
Sammy Small	
\$ Dear Mom.....	4
\$ Son's Coming Home	
The Woodpecker.....	5
No Balls at All	
The Scotch Wedding.....	6
Adeline Schmidt.....	7
\$ Jolly, Jolly England	
\$ Hail Britannia	
Sing Us Another One Do.....	8
\$ Swing Low Sweet Chariot.....	11
\$ The Balls of O'Leary	
I Fucked a Dead Whore	
The Highland Tinker.....	12
The Ballad of Lupe	
\$ Save a Fighter Pilot's ass.....	13
\$ My Father was a Fireman.....	14
YO-HO.....	15
Run-Tidy-Bum.....	16
The Kotex Song	
\$ Parties Make the World Go 'Round.....	17
Do Your Balls Hang Low	
\$ Fighter Pilots.....	18
I Love My Wife.....	19
By the Light	
\$ The Mouse	
Masturbation	
SOPOTUM.....	20
Tit Fuck	
\$ Where Have All the Old Heads Gone.....	21
\$ WIFE	
Nothing Could be Finer	
\$ My Way.....	22
CAO	
\$ On Top of the Pop	

NOTE: Only those songs marked with a "\$" will be sung in public.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS (continued)

\$ You can Tell a Fighter Pilot.....	23
Rip the Feathers Away	
\$ Phantom Flyers in the Sky	
\$ Red River Rats.....	24
\$ The Wild West Show.....	25
\$ Achou Valley.....	26
Would You Like to Sit on My Face	
\$ Sixteen Times.....	27
\$ Fireball on the Hillside	
The Pale Moon	
Let Me Call You Sweetheart.....	28
Sally in the Alley	
\$ USAFE Do Da Song	
Old McDonald.....	29
\$ Air Force Song	
\$ The Handsome Young Airman.....	30
\$ Joy to the World	
\$ Marianne Burns	
The Twelve Days of Red Flag	
\$ Argentinian Song.....	31
Poetry	

## GAMES

QUIJONGBU.....	33
"Deceased Insect"	
Dollar Bill Game.....	34
21 Aces	
Majorca 21 Aces	
4,5,6.....	35
Bowling for Beers	
Alberta Crud Rules.....	36
Standardized Brevity Codes.....	38

NOTE: Only those songs marked with a "\$" will be sung in public.



§ VICTOR ALERT SONG §

Reading our papers and picking our asses  
Checking our farms out and passing our gasses  
Silver sleek B-51's slung below  
Nuclear war and we're ready to go

(Chorus) UM-PAH PAH, UM-PAH PAH, UM-PAH PAH, UM-PAH PAH

Lord Vader is watching with all his storm troopers  
Out off your nuts if you answer with bloopers  
Carting for him is like shaving with mace  
If you screw up he will rip off your face

(Chorus)

Scrambled at midnight the engines are turning  
Take-off in sheer fright, our stomachs are churning  
Off to the orbit with eye patches on  
Shields are all up and the curtains are drawn

(Chorus)

Leaving the orbit our pits start to sweat  
We'll asshole those fuckers and that's a sure bet  
Burn all those Ruskies and cover 'em with dirt  
That's why we love sitting Victor Alert

(Chorus)

Fagots and Frescos and Fishbeds and Farmers  
Goats and Sainfuls and BIG GODDAMN BOMBERS  
Canefs and guidelines and Quad 23's  
Thinking of them scares the shit out of me

(Chorus)

TF's on hard ride at 200 feet  
Crossing the oceans, we've deadlines to meet  
Over the mountains, we're ready to go  
Arming them up and they're all set to blow

(Chorus)

RAW scope is flashing, the bloggers are closing  
SAM's all around us, the GUNDISH is HOISING  
Flying so fast our hair is on fire  
Killing those Commies is our one desire

(Chorus)

(Slowly)

Nearing the target, our nerves they are STEADY  
Switches are thrown and we got us a READY  
Bay doors are open, the jobs almost done  
Killing those Commies, we're having some fun

(Chorus)

When the shit fills up your flight suit  
And you're feeling bad, just simply remember that  
Big mushroom cloud, and then you won't feel SO BAD....

VICTOR ALERT SONG (continued)

Ridin' the shockwave, those fuckers are bleedin'  
What do I care, cause I'm headin' for Sweden  
In One-point-On, it just doesn't seem fair  
My face will be nestled in your.....

PUBIC HAIRS

Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs.  
There's not another that can compare, pubic hairs,  
Penis or Vagina nothing can be finer.  
Pubic hairs, I'm up in heaven when I'm in your underwear.  
I didn't need a shove to take a mouthful of your pretty PUBIC HAIRS!

AARDVARK SONG

We fly our fucking Aardvarks at 200 fucking feet,  
We fly our fucking Aardvarks through the rain and snow and sleet,  
And though we think we're flying south we're really flying north,  
And we haven't seen our wingman since the firth of fucking forth.

CHORUS: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
And we haven't seen our wingman since the firth of fucking forth  
(insert last line of each verse)

We fly our fucking Aardvarks at 100 fucking feet,  
We fly our fucking Aardvarks through the corn and rye and wheat,  
And though we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking luck,  
But we don't give a damn or care a flying fuck.

CHORUS

We fly our fucking Aardvarks down at 50 fucking feet, (Repeat)  
Though we think we're flying up, we're really flying down,  
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

CHORUS

We hate the fucking ranger at the Jurby fucking range, (Repeat)  
Cause when we hit the target he says that was out of hat,  
So we roll in on the tower, and that is fucking that.

CHORUS

We love the fucking ranger at Roschearty fucking range, (Repeat)  
Cause when we're passing Leuchars he says "you're cleared on hot"  
And we always get a stack when we ask for a replot.

CHORUS

We fly our fucking Aardvarks at the speed of fucking heat, (Repeat)  
Cause with our burners cookin and our wings swept fully back, they're ain't  
A fuck amongst ya who can catch us in our act



§ THE TRIPOLI HILLBILLIES §

Come listen to a story 'bout a man named Achmed,  
Lazy, filthy raghead, barely kept his family fed,  
Then one day he was shootin' at some Jews,  
When up from the ground popped a slug named Mu...

Muammar, that is, Muammar Khadaffi, Like a Dawg...Well...

The first thing you know our 'VARKS are over there,  
Kin rags say, "Let's shoot 'em from the air!"  
But Ron says, "Gulf of Sidra is the place we oughta be."  
So we launched from the 'HEATH and we flew to Tripoli.

Libya, that is, IL-76 Candids, Nothin' left.

The Tripoli Hillbillies!!!.....(y'all come back now)

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck 'em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck 'em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small  
And I've only got one ball  
But it's better than none at all, So fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I killed a man, Fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I killed a man, Fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I shot him dead  
With a piece of Fuckin' lead  
Now the silly Fucker's dead, So fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, Fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, Fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing  
From a piece of Fuckin' string  
What a silly Fuckin' thing, So fuck 'em all

Oh, the Sheriff will be there too,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too,  
With his silly Fuckin' crew  
They got Fuck all else to do  
So fuck 'em all

Oh, the hangman wears a mask,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh, the hangman wears a mask,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh, the hangman wears a mask,  
For his silly Fuckin' task  
He can shove it up his ass  
So fuck 'em all

Oh, the Parson he will come,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh, the Parson he will come,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh, the Parson he will come,  
With his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove them up his bum  
So fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope,  
With a piece of Fuckin' soap  
What a silly Fuckin' joke  
So fuck 'em all

(WITH REVERENCE AND SOLEMNITY)

I saw Molly in the crowd, Fuck 'em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd, Fuck 'em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd  
And I felt so Fuckin' proud  
That I shouted right out loud, FUCK 'EM ALL

§ DEAR MOM §

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today  
he crashed his OV-10 on HO CHI MINH's highway.  
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.  
MMM, MMM, MMM

He went across the fence to see what he could see,  
and there it was, as plain as it could be.  
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.  
MMM, MMM, MMM

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,  
"Send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled."  
The DASC said, "That's all right, I'll send you FIREBALL Flight."  
FOR I AM THE POWER!

The Fighters checked right in, FIREBALLS two by two,  
low on gas and the tankers overdue.  
They asked the FAC to mark, just where the truck was parked.  
MMM, MMM, MMM

The Bronc, he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,  
exactly where the truck was parked.  
And the rest is in doubt, cause he never pulled out.  
MMM, MMM, MMM

This time with reverence

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today,  
he crashed his OV-10 on HO CHI MINH's highway.  
He made a rocket pass, and then busted his ass.  
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!!

How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!  
What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ONE!

Cocksucker, Motherfucker, eat a bag of shit  
Cunt hair douche bag, bite your mothers tit  
We're the best fighter squadron, all the others suck  
FIREBALLS, FIREBALLS, RAH, RAH, FUCK!!!

§ SON'S COMING HOME §  
(donated by Capt Dave "Nipper" Clark)

Son's coming home in a body bag, Do Da Do Da  
Son's coming home in a body bag, Oh Do Da Day

Got shot down by an SA-2, Do Da Do Da  
Got shot down by an SA-2, Oh Do Da Day

Mother fuckers dead, Never found his head.  
Son's coming home in a body bag, Oh Do Da Day!

"A fighter pilot is not drunk if he can hold on to a single blade of grass and not fall off the face of the earth."



### THE WOODPECKER

(Dixie)

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpecker's house, and the woodpecker said  
God Bless your soul, Take it out, take it out, Take it out, REMOVE IT.

So I removed my finger from the woodpecker's house, and the woodpecker said  
God Bless your soul, Put it back, put it back, Put it back, REPLACE IT.

So I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's house, and the woodpecker said  
God Bless your soul, Turn it around, Turn it around, Turn it around, RECIPROCATE IT.

So I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's house, and the woodpecker said  
God Bless your soul, Pull it out, Pull it out, Pull it out, RETRACT IT.

So I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's house, and the woodpecker said  
God Bless your soul, Take a smell, Take a smell, Take a smell, REVOLTING!!!!

### NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sarah Mc Fox  
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box.  
She married a man named Patrick McCall  
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

CHORUS:  
No balls, no balls  
A very short peter  
And no balls at all.

The very first night they were wed  
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed  
She reached for his pecker, it was very small.  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

CHORUS

Now mother, dear mother, oh, what shall I do?  
I've married a man who never can screw  
I reached for his pecker, it was so small  
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

CHORUS

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad.  
It was the same trouble I had with your Dad.  
There's many a man who will come to the call  
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

CHORUS

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice.  
And found the results exceedingly nice.  
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

"A man's flying ability may be perfect, he may be able to control the machine and handle it like no one else on earth, but if he goes into a fight and risks his life many times to get into the right position for a good shot and then upon arriving there, cannot hit his mark, HE IS USELESS!!!"

-Billy Bishop-

### THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Four and twenty virgins, came down from Inverness,  
and when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less.

CHORUS: (sung after each verse)  
Balls to your partner, your ass against the wall  
If you never been laid on a Saturday night,  
You've never been laid at all.

Oh, the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth.  
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom,  
The vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to the womb

Oh, the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front,  
A wreath of roses around her neck, a carrot up her cunt.

Oh, the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see,  
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh, the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits,  
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits.

Oh, the parson's daughter she was there, swinging from the chandelier,  
Dripping menstrual juices into everybody's beer.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks,  
You could not hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats,  
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

Oh, the village craftsman he was there, his hammer and his awls,  
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs,  
You could not see the carpet for the coms and curly hairs.

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs,  
And when the barnmaster broke, there was fucking in the air.

Little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight,  
He was too young to join the fun, so he had to masturbate.

Oh, the village idiot he was there, doing this and that,  
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it in his hat.

Oh, the village butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand,  
And everytime he swung around, he circumcised a man.

Oh, the village blacksmith he was there, balls were made of brass,  
And everytime he fucked a girl, sparks flew out his ass.

Oh, granny she was there, sitting by the fire,  
Knitting profilactics out of BF Goodrich tires.

Oh, the village whore she was there, lying on the floor,  
And everytime she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.  
(SLOWLY)

And when the ball was over, they all went home to rest,  
They all enjoyed the party, but the FUCKING was the best.



# ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named  
Adeline Schmidt,  
She went to the doctor cause she  
couldn't shit.  
He gave her some medicine all  
wrapped up in glass,  
Up went the window and out went  
her ass.

(CHORUS)

It was brown, brown shit  
falling down.  
Brown, brown shit all around,  
It was brown, brown shit  
falling down.  
The whole world was covered  
with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT!

A handsome young copper was  
walking his beat,  
He happened to be on that side  
of the street.  
He looked up so innocent, he  
looked up so shy,  
And a great piece of SHIT hit him  
right in the eye. (CHORUS)

He looked to the east and he looked  
to the west,  
And a big piece of shit hit him right  
in the chest.  
He looked to the north and he looked  
to the south,  
And a big piece of shit hit him fight  
in the mouth. (CHORUS)

That handsome young copper, he  
cursed and he swore,  
He called that young maiden a  
dirty old whore.  
And 'neath London Bridge you can  
still see him sit,  
With a sign 'round his neck saying,  
"Blinded by shit!!!" (CHORUS)

## \$ JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND \$

Oh, I don't want to join the air force, I don't want to go to war.  
I just want to hang around, Piccadilly on the ground,  
Living off the earnings of a high class lady.

Monday I touched her on the ankle, Tuesday I touched her on  
the knee. Wednesday what success; I lifted up her dress,  
Thursday her chemise I did see, Gol' Blimey!

Friday I put me hand upon it, Saturday she gave me balls a  
Tweak, tweak, tweak. It was Sunday after supper,  
I shoved the ole boy up 'er,  
And now she earns me seven and six a week, Gol' Blimey!

I don't want to join the air force, I don't want to go to war.  
I just want to hang around, Piccadilly on the ground,  
Living off the earnings of a high class lady.

I don't want a bullet up me arse hole,  
I don't want me buttocks shot away.  
I just want to stay in England, in Jolly, Jolly England,  
And fornicate me bloomin' life away!!!

## \$ HAIL BRITANIA \$

Hail Britania, marmelade and jam, Five Chinese crackers up your asshole.  
BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM

Aso, Aso, A soldier I will be, 2 piss, 2 piss, 2 pistols on my knee  
Fu Qu, Fu Qu, For curiosity, We'll fight for the old cunt, fight for the old cunt,  
Fight for the old country.

# SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

(CHORUS)

Oh, Aye, Aye, Aye, Aye,

So, let's have another verse  
That's worse than the other verse,  
And waltz me around by my WILLIE!

1.Fighter Pilots eat PUSSY!  
2.Your brother jerks off in confession.  
3.Your sisters best friend is a carrot.

There was a young man from Boston  
Who traded his car for an Austin  
There was room for his ass and a  
gallon of gas  
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young man from Dundee  
Who buggered an ape in a tree  
The result was most horrid, all  
ass and no forehead  
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class  
Whose balls were made of brass  
When they swung together, they  
played Stormy Weather  
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta  
Who was the world's champion farter  
On the strength of one bean, he  
played God save the Queen  
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon  
Who was born by the light of the moon  
He had not the luck, to be born  
by a fuck  
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge  
And he was his parents disparage  
He sucked off his brother, and went  
down on his mother  
And ate up his sister's miscarriage.

There was a man from St. James  
Who played most unusual games  
He lit a match to his grandmother's  
snatch  
And laughed as she pissed thru the flames.

There was a young bishop from Birmingham  
Who diddle nuns while confirmin' 'em  
He brought them indoors, slipped down  
their drawers  
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

4.Your mother swims to meet troop ships.  
5.Your sister eats batshit off cave walls.  
6.Your grandmother douches with drano.  
7.Your mother licks moose cum off  
pine cones.  
8.Your mother does squat thrusts on  
fireplugs.  
9.In China they do it for chili.  
10.Your grandfather fills cream donuts.  
11.Your step-sister eats cream filled donuts.  
12.You can't say "SHIT-HOT" in the O'Club.

There once was a girl named Flo Varden  
Who went down on a guy in a garden  
He said, "Listen Flo, where does all  
the stuff go?"  
And she said, "(GULP), Bag pardon."

There once was a pilot from K-2  
Who buggered a girl from Taeegu  
He said to the Doc, as he handed him  
his cock  
Will I lose both my testicles too.

In the garden of Eden eat Adam  
With his hand on the butt of his madam  
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew  
on this earth  
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a  
shit  
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno  
Said fucking is one thing I do know  
All women are fine, and sheep are  
divine  
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from New Brighton  
Who said my dear you've a tight one  
Said she oh, my soul, you have the  
wrong hole  
It's the one in front that's the right one.

There once was a man from Trieste  
Who loved his wife with a zest  
Despite all her howls, he sucked her  
bowels  
And deposited the mess on her breast.

There once was a girl named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus  
They found her vagina, in South  
Carolina  
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas



SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (continued)

There was a young man from Nottingham  
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham  
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts  
and the punks  
And the tricks of the pricks that were  
fuckin' 'em.

There was a young man from Kildair  
who buggered his girl on the stairs  
The bannister broke, he doubled the  
stroke  
And finished her off in mid-air.

There was a young queer from Khartoum  
who took a young lesbian to his room  
They argued all night, as to who had  
the right  
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a young girl from St. Paul  
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball  
Her dress caught fire, and burned  
her entire  
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a man named McGruder  
Who once wooed a nude in Bermuda  
The nude thought it rude, to be  
wooed in the nude  
But McGruder was ruder, he screwed her.

There was a young man from Nantucket  
whose dick was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his  
chin  
If me ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent  
Whose dick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble, he put it in  
double  
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young girl named Myrtle  
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle  
The results of the fuck, was two eggs  
and a duck  
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young girl from Trass  
Who had a magnificent ass  
T'was not round and pink, as you  
probabli, think  
T'was gray, had four legs and ate grass.

There once was a girl from the Azores  
Whose cunt was all covered with sores  
The dogs in the street, would not eat  
the green meat  
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a professor from the Mall  
Who possessed a hexahydrogenal ball  
The square root of it's weight, plus  
his pecker times eight  
Was four/fifths of five eights of  
fuck all.

There once was a girl from France  
Who boarded a train by chance  
The engineer fucked her, and so'd  
the conductor  
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
The heat of his prick, turned the  
clay into brick  
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail  
Between her tits was the price of her tail  
And on her behind for the sake of the  
blind  
Was the same information in brail.

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She laid on her back, and tickled  
her crack  
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young girl from Peru  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew  
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a  
licker  
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee  
Who went in the garden to pee  
He said Pax Vo Bisoun, why won't the  
piss come  
I guess I've got C-L-A-P.

There once was a girl from Cape Cod  
who thought all babies came from God  
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifted  
her nighty  
It was Roger the lodger thee sod.

There once was a lady named Lil  
Who swallowed an atomic pill  
They found her vagina in North  
Carolina  
And one of her tits in Brazil.

There once was a pirate named Bates  
Who was learning to rhumba on skates  
He fell on his outlass, which rendered  
him nutless  
And practically useless on dates.

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (continued)

There was a young man from Brock  
Who tied a violin string to his cock  
With just one erection, he could play  
a selection  
From Johan Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom  
Who had it three times in a hansom  
When she cried for more, a voice from  
the floor  
Cried my name is Slepson, not Sampson.

There was a young lady from Twilling  
Who went to the dentist for a drilling  
But because of depravity, he filled the  
wrong cavity  
And now she's nursing her filling.

There was a young couple named Kelly.  
Used vaseline petroleum jelly  
But once in their haste, they used  
library paste  
And now they're stuck belly to belly.

There was a young laes named Alice  
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice  
It was not from relief, as was the  
belief  
But purely from Prodestant malice.

There once was a young man from Dakota  
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her  
So with great savior faire, she climbed  
on a chair  
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

Cried an overhung fellow named Brown  
My pecker keeps growin' and growin'  
It's got so tremendous, so long and  
stupendous  
It's no good for fuckin' just showin'!

There once was a pilot name Paul  
Who's cock was the longest of all  
This appendage of his got him into  
show biz  
With a royal performance on call.

Now Paul found there's trouble in fame  
Every whore in the ville knew his name  
And their unhidden fear, of his  
fantastic gear  
Put a halt, to old Paul's favorite game.

Now in hopes of relief to Seoul he went  
Our pilot Paul, with his dick bent  
haste  
And though folded in half, the whores  
still feared his shaft  
And the bend in his tool made a dent!

There once was a monk from Mongolia  
Whose life was lonelier and lonelier  
One night just for fun, he took out a  
nun  
And now she's a Mother Superior.

There once was a girl from St. Paul  
Who went to a masquerade ball  
She had the affront to go as a  
cunt  
And got screwed by a dog in the hall.

There was a young lady from Decatur  
Who was screwed by a big alligator  
Nobody knew the results of the  
screw  
Cause after he laid her he ate her.

There was a young lady named Esther  
Who said to the man as he undressed her  
"If you don't mind use the hole  
behind  
The front is beginning to fester."

There once was a young man named Clyde  
Who fell in an outhouse and died  
Likewise his brother, who fell in  
another  
And now they're interred side by side.

The bride of a farmer named Zaker  
Was poked in her bed, by the baker  
The baker cried, "What you call  
this a Twat!  
Why the entrance, is more then an acre."

I once asked a lady named Pott  
Why does sucking your tits make you hot  
Well if you must be blunt, they signal  
my cunt  
That it's going to get what you've got.

There once was a Captain named Tuck  
Who went into the ville for a fuck  
He spread open her legs, found ten  
cockroach eggs  
Three boogers, some scabs and green muck.

Now later when Tuck wiped his chin  
He smiled, and he said with a grin  
Didn't take her to heart till she  
sprayed out a fart  
That tasted like bird shit and gin.

In Pusan, with a girl to his taste  
Paul dropped his drawers and entered in  
But he didn't unfold when he entered  
her hole  
And spilled his whole wadd, "What a waste."



SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (continued)

A fighter pilot named Tucker  
While instructing a novice cock sucker  
Said, don't puff 'em out, like you're  
blowin' your snout  
Be gentle, and work with a pucker!

There was a lady from Gibraltar  
Who accidentally fell into the water  
By 'er howls and her squeals you could  
tell that the eels  
Had found her sexual quarter

There once was a GIB from the sticks  
Who didn't like cunts, only dicks  
He told MPC find a place  
for me  
Now he's one of the boys who check six.

A young preacher, who was new to some  
At persuasion was surely no bum  
He preached fornication, to the whole  
congregation  
And was washed down the aisle in the cum

Oh, the Romans had great spacious halls  
In which they held sexual brawls  
Which would last so they say, for a  
week and a day  
There's no doubt those bastards had balls

There was a young lady from Weaver  
Who had an affair with a beaver  
The result of the fuck, was  
two geese and 'a duck  
And an off-color irish retriever,

\$ SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT \$

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.  
I looked over Jordan and what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home?  
A band of angels coming for me,  
Coming to carry me home.

1st Rendition-sing with gestures.  
2nd Rendition-hum with gestures. (min comm)  
3rd Rendition-gestures only. (comm out)

\$ THE BALLS OF O'LEARY \$

The balls of O'Leary  
Are wrinkled and weary  
They're shapely and stately like the dome of St. Paul's  
The women all muster to view that great cluster  
Oh, They stand and they stare at the bloody great pair  
Of O'Leary's balls.

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,  
I knew right away she was dead.  
The skin was all gone from her tummy,  
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her,  
I knew right away that I had sinned.  
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy,  
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in.  
Sucked out, sucked out,  
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

MIGS AND BEERS WERE BORN TO BE POUNDED!!!

THE HIGHLAND TINKER

CHORUS (repeat after each verse)  
With his bloody red kidney wiper  
And his balls the size of three  
And a yard and 'half of foreskin, foreskin, foreskin  
A hanging down below his knees,  
Below his knees, below his knees

Oh, the lady of the nanor  
Was dressing for the ball (3)  
When she heard the Highland Tinker  
A humping 'ginst the wall (3)

So, she sent to him a letter  
And in it she did say (3)  
I'd rather be fucked by you sir,  
Than his lordship any day (3)

The Tinker got the letter  
And when it he did read (3)  
His balls began to fester  
And his prick began to bleed (3)

So, he jumped up on his stallion  
And away he did ride (3)  
With his balls slung o'er his shoulder  
And his prick strapped to his side (3)

Oh, he rode into the courtyard  
He rode into the hall (3)  
The maid cried to the butler  
"He's come to fuck us all!" (3)

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor  
He fucked them in the hall (3)  
But when he fucked the butler  
It was the funniest fuck of all (3)

Oh, he fucked them in the kitchen  
He fucked them on the beds (3)  
Lord save us, cried the chamberlaine  
We've lost our maidenheads (3)

Then he jumped up on his stallion  
And rode into the streets (3)  
With little drops of semen  
Pitter-Pattering at his feet (3)

Now the Tinker's dead and gone  
He's buried in St. Paul (3)  
It took a separate casket  
Just to haul away his balls (3)

Oh, some say he went to heaven  
Some say he went to hell (3)  
Some say he fucked the devil  
And I know he fucked him well (3)

CHORUS AGAIN WITH REVERENCE

THE BALLAD OF LUPE

Down in Ount Valley where Red River flows,  
Where cocksuckers flourish and whore mongers grow,  
There lives a young maiden that I adore,  
She's my Hot Fuckin' Cocksuckin' Mexican Whore.

CHORUS:

She'll fuck you, she'll suck ya, she'll gnaw at your nuts.  
She'll suck you till you think she'll suck out your guts.  
She'll wrap her legs around you till you think you'll die.  
I'd rather eat Lupe than blueberry pie.

She gave her first piece at the ripe age of eight,  
While swinging upon the garden gate.  
The crossbar went down and the upright went in,  
And ever since then, she's been living by sin.

CHORUS

Oh Lupe, Oh Lupe, dead in her tomb,  
While maggots crawl out of her decomposed womb.  
But the smile on her face is a mute cry for more!!!  
She's my Hot Fuckin', Cocksuckin', Mexican Whore.



§ SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS §

(CHORUS)

Oh, Hallelujah, Oh, Hallelujah, Throw a nickel on the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's ass.  
Oh, Hallelujah, Oh, Hallelujah, Throw a nickel on the grass  
And you'll be saved.

It was midnight in Korea  
All the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_,  
And this is what he said:  
Sabres, gentle sabres, sabres one and all  
Pilots, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted BALLS!!  
When up stepped a young Lieutenant,  
With a voice as harsh as brass.  
You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per  
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me, sir?  
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got gas.  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIGs on my ass.

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
The airspeed read one-thirty, My God I racked it tight.  
The airframe gave a shudder, the engines gave a wheeze,  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instruction, please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground.  
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around.  
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more  
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God damn low,  
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go.  
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"  
But by the time I got there, my wing was holed by flak  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly  
Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die.

I bailed out from my Sabre, my landing was top line  
With my E&E equipment, I made for our front line.  
When I opened up my ration, time to see what was in it,  
My God damn quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit  
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit.  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch  
I looked down at my prop, My God, it's in high pitch  
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah, How did I get there.

The boys from the other group, they think they are so hot.  
They brag about the Redtails that they've so often shot.  
One thing they don't remember, when they holler and shoot,  
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (continued)

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home  
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam.  
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly,  
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY.

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down.  
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground.  
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun  
But then I met the FEB, Chitose here I come.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast  
But when the war was over, we knew it wouldn't last.  
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks,  
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down from forty-four busting through mach,  
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a rock.  
My Boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound,  
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear,  
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near.  
I went before the FEB, and they gave me the works,  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low,  
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you'll go."  
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a high speed stall,  
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer,  
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near.  
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst,  
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse.

§ MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN §

Bang, Bang, Clang, Clang  
And the Goddamn fire went out.  
Uh, the life of a fireman,  
To ride on a fire engine red.  
To say to a team of white horses,  
GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD, GO AHEAD...

My father was a fireman,  
He puts out fires....  
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,  
She puts out too.....

My father was a taxicab driver,  
He goes downtown.....  
My sister Sal is a taxicab driver's gal,  
She goes down too.....

My father was a telephone repairman,  
He climbs up poles....  
My sister Sal is a telephone repairman's gal,  
She climbs too.....

My father is an anesthesiologist,  
He passes gas.....  
My sister Sal is an anesthesiologist's gal,  
She farts alot.....

My father was a horticulturist,  
He pulls up roots.....  
My sister Sal is a horticulturist's gal,  
She pulls roots too.....



#### YO-HO

I put my hand upon her toe. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her toe. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her toe. She said young  
Fighter you're way to low. Get it in, get  
It out, quit fucking about. YO-HO, YO-HO

I put my hand upon her knee. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her knee. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her knee. She said young  
Fighter you're teasing me. Get it in, get  
It out, quit fucking about. YO-HO, YO-HO

I put my hand upon her thigh. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her thigh. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her thigh. She said young  
Fighter you make me sigh. Get it in, get  
It out, quit fucking about. YO-HO, YO-HO

I put my hand upon her twat. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her twat. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her twat. She said young  
Fighter you make me hot. Get it in, get  
It out, quit fucking about. YO-HO, YO-HO

I put my hand upon her breast. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her breast. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my hand upon her breast. She said young  
Fighter you are the best. Get it in, get  
It out, quit fucking about. YO-HO, YO-HO

I put my cock into her mouth. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my cock into her mouth. YO-HO, YO-HO  
I put my cock into her mouth. She said  
Ugh, umph, ugh, ugh, umph, ugh. Get it in, get  
It out, quit fucking about. YO-HO, YO-HO

#### GHOST FUCKERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riding out  
One dark and windy day  
Stopped beneath a shady tree  
And paused to beat his meat  
When all at once a slant-eyed bitch  
Came ridin' down the trail  
He stopped her and asked her  
How 'bout a piece of tail?

CHORUS: Yipee-yi-yeaaaaa, Yipee-yi-yoooooo  
Ghost fuckers in the sky

Her tits were all a floppin'  
Her cunt ate out with clap  
He socked it to her anyway  
And gave her ass a slap  
She shit, she moaned,  
She groaned  
She threw him from her crack  
He rolled across the desert  
And broke his fucking back

#### TIDY-BUM

\*(when those who are singing the story sing "ah rum..." at the end of the line, the rest of the Sqdn will continue the chorus with "tidy-bum-tidy-bum-tidy-bum" and the chorus is sung twice at the end of the verse.)

An engineer told me before he died, ah rum...(tidy-bum...)  
An engineer told me before he died,  
And I have no reason to believe he lied, ah rum...ah rum...

He knew a woman with a cunt so wide, ah rum...  
He knew a woman with a cunt so wide,  
That she was never satisfied, ah rum...ah rum...

So he built this fucking great wheel, ah rum...  
So he built this fucking great wheel,  
With two brass balls and a prick of steel, ah rum...ah rum...

Round and round went the fucking great wheel, ah rum...  
Round and round went the fucking great wheel,  
And in and out went the prick of steel, ah rum...ah rum...

The two brass balls were filled with cream, ah rum...  
The two brass balls were filled with cream,  
And the whole fucking thing was driven by steam, ah rum...ah rum...

Up and up went the level of steam, ah rum...  
Up and up went the level of steam,  
And down and down went the level of cream, ah rum...ah rum...

Til at last the maiden cried, ah rum...  
Til at last the maiden cried,  
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied, ah rum...ah rum...

Now we come to the tragic bit, ah rum...  
Now we come to the tragic bit,  
There was no way of stopping it, ah rum...ah rum...

Split the maiden from twat to tit, ah rum...  
Split the maiden from twat to tit,  
And the whole damn place was covered with shit, ah rum...ah rum...

#### THE KOTEX SONG

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
You can tell by her dance she has something in her pants,  
When the end of the month rolls around.  
Well it's Hi, Hi, Hee, in the Kotex Factory,  
Shout out your sizes loud and strong. SMALL-MEDIUM-LARGE!  
For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow,  
When the end of the month rolls around, KEEP 'EM BLEEDIN'.  
When the end of the month rolls around.



\$ PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO 'ROUND \$

Parties make the world go 'round,  
World go 'round, world go 'round,  
Parties make the world go 'round,  
So let's have a party!

We're gonna tear down the bar at the O'Club BOO  
We're gonna build us a new bar! RAY  
It's only gonna be one foot wide BOO  
But it's gonna be a mile long! RAY  
There's gonna be no bartenders at our bar BOO  
There's only gonna be barmaids! RAY  
Our barmaids will wear long skirts BOO  
And no BLOUSES! RAY  
You can't take our barmaids home BOO  
They'll take you home! RAY  
You can't sleep with our barmaids BOO  
They won't let you sleep! RAY  
Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass BOO  
Whiskey's free! RAY  
Only one drink to a customer BOO  
Served in buckets! RAY  
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river BOO  
And then we'll all go swimming RAY  
Now, no girls allowed in our bar BOO  
With their clothes on! RAY  
There'll be no loving on the dance floor BOO  
And there'll be no dancing on the LOVIN' floor! RAY

Parties make the world go 'round,  
Parties make the world go 'round,  
Parties make the world go 'round,  
So let's have a party!

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

Tiddly winks, young man, get a woman if you can,  
If you can't get a woman get a clean old man.  
From the lofty heights of Malta to the shores of old Gibraltar  
Can you do the double shuffle with your balls in a can?

Do your balls hang low, can you swing them to and fro?  
Can you tie them in a knot, can you tie 'em in a bow?  
Can you swing 'em o'er your shoulder like a European soldier?  
Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang low?

Do your balls hang tight, can you hide 'em in a fight?  
Can you tuck 'em 'neath your arm, can you keep 'em out of sight?  
Are they tough enough to buckle up another man's hard knuckles?  
Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang tight?

Do your balls hang loose, as loose as a goose?  
Can you slide 'em 'neath the hall, can you bounce 'em off the walls?  
Does it really make you stammer when you hit 'em with a hammer?  
Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang loose?

Do your balls hang down, way down to the ground?  
Can you slide 'em on the ice, can you crack 'em in a vice?  
Does it raise your breath come quick when you stick 'em with a pick?  
Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang down?

\$ FIGHTER PILOTS \$

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray  
They are all in USO's, wearing ribbons, fancy clothes  
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
The automatic pilots on, he's reading novels in the john  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the MAC puke never takes a dare  
Oh the MAC puke never takes a dare  
Oh, they haul a bunch of trash, with their navigator gash.  
Oh the MAC puke never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
The place is full of brass, sitting around on their fat ass  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Omaha.  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Omaha.  
Oh, the BUFF was made for you, if you have a low IQ.  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Omaha.

You can tell a navigator by his ass  
You can tell a navigator by his ass  
Oh, it's forty inches wide, getting wider every ride  
You can tell a navigator by his ass

An airline pilot's life is mighty fine  
An airline pilot's life is mighty fine  
Flying friendly skies, putting hands on friendly thighs  
An airline pilot's life is mighty fine

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!



### I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly  
I love the hole that she pisses through  
I love her ruby red lips, and her lilly white tits,  
And the hair around her asshole  
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, slurp, slurp  
With a rusty spoon, with a rusty spoon

I love my wife yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly  
I love the hole that she pisses through  
I love her matted black hair, and her dirty underwear  
And the smell of her vagina  
I'd eat her cunt, gobble, gobble, slurp, slurp  
If she asked me to, if she asked me to.

### BY THE LIGHT

By the light, SSH,SSH,SSH,—SSH,SSH,SSH  
Of the flickering match, SSH,SSH,SSH,—SSH,SSH,SSH  
I saw her snatch, SSH,SSH,SSH,—SSH,SSH,SSH  
In a watermelon patch, Oh yeah.  
By the light, SSH,SSH,SSH,—SSH,SSH,SSH  
Of the flickering match, SSH,SSH,SSH,—SSH,SSH,SSH  
I saw her gleam,  
I heard her scream,  
You are burning my snatch, SSH,SSH,SSH,—SSH,SSH,SSH  
With your GOODAMN match!!

### § THE MOUSE §

The liquor was spilled on the bar room floor  
And the bar was closed for the night

When out of his hole came a little brown mouse  
And sat in the pale moon light

He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor  
And back on his haunches he sat

And all night you could hear him roar  
"BRING ON THE GOODAMN CAT! HIC! CAT! HIC! CAT!"

### MASTURBATION

Last night I stayed at home and masturbated  
It felt so good, I knew it would  
Last night I stayed at home and masturbated  
It felt so nice, I did it twice

Oh, you should see me do it on the long strokes  
It felt so neat, I used my feet  
Oh, you should see me do it on the short strokes  
It felt so grand, I used my hand

Beat it, smash it, throw it on the floor  
Wrap it around the bedpost, slam it in the door  
Some people seem to think it's great to fornicate  
But I would rather stay at home at night and masturbate

### SCROTUM

Scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M  
Mangey, grangey, covered with hair. What would you do if it wasn't there?  
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M.

Hangs a little low, and a little behind,  
Comes in a bag with a fancy design.  
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M.

Fun to play with every night,  
Better watch out if you get in a fight.  
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M.

Fits just right in the palm of your hand,  
Only thing that proves that you are a man.  
Your scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M.

It holds your balls in, S-C-R-O-T-U-M!  
It's fun to play with, S-C-R-O-T-U-M!

### TIT FUCK

Tit fuck, tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K  
Squeeze them together and stick it in,  
And when you're done, you just wipe off her chin  
Oh, tit fuck, tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K

Blow job, blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B  
East side, west side, north side, south,  
My baby likes it when I cum in her mouth  
Blow job, blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B

Butt fuck, butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K  
stick it in and move it around,  
When you pull it out, you're dick's all brown  
Oh, butt fuck, butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K

Cadaver, cadaver, C-A-D-A-V-E-R  
Working in a mortuary gives me a lift,  
You haven't lived 'til you've cum in a stiff  
Cadaver, cadaver, C-A-D-A-V-E-R

MAC puke, MAC puke, M-A-C-P-U-K-E (Ptui!!)  
Makin' a livin' just haulin' trash,  
Gettin' blow jobs from their co-pilot gash  
Oh, MAC puke, MAC puke, M-A-C-P-U-K-E (Ptui!!)

SAC puke, SAC puke, S-A-C-P-U-K-E (Ptui!!)  
Flyin' a BUFF, or flyin' a tank,  
Givin' blow jobs is how they get their rank.  
Oh, SAC puke, SAC puke, S-A-C-P-U-K-E (Ptui!!)

Jet jock, Jet jock, J-E-T-J-O-C-K (YAH!!)  
Strokin' burner and yarkin' the stick,  
Gettin' complimented on our humongous dicks  
Oh, Jet jock, Jet jock, J-E-T-J-O-C-K (YAH!!)

"You fight like you train!"

-Randy Cunningham-



\$ WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE \$

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
They've all gone to Vietnam.  
When will they ever learn;  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
They've all become Viet Cong.  
When will we ever learn;  
When will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the VC gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the VC gone?  
To fix the bridges that we bomb.  
When will they ever learn;  
When will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?  
Long time passing.  
Where do all the Weasels go?  
Long time ago  
Where do all the Weasels go?  
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.  
When will they ever learn;  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
They've been down, oh, so long.  
When will they ever learn;  
When will they ever learn?

Where do all the strike flights go?  
Long time passing  
Where do all the strike flights go?  
Long time ago  
Where do all the strike flights go?  
'Cross the fence, I know.  
When will they ever learn;  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Along the railroad, oh, so long.  
When will they ever learn;  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?  
Long time passing  
Where have all the old heads gone?  
Long time ago  
Where have all the old heads gone?  
They've gone home, their tour is done.  
You see, they've finally learned;  
Oh, yes, they've finally learned.

\$ NAPE \$

Nape is great, so hit my grids.  
It burns, it bakes, it sticks to kids.  
Nape is great, so drop it on their heads,  
And watch their eyes pop out!

When you drop a can or two,  
It burns, it bakes, it sticks like glue.  
Nape is great so drop it on their heads,  
And watch their eyes pop out.

NOTHING COULD BE FINER

Nothing could be finer, than to be in your vagina, in the morning  
Nothing could be sweeter, than your lips around my peter, in the morning  
If I had a wish, and it could come true  
I'd spend the whole night 69 with you  
Oh, nothing could be finer, than to be in your vagina, in the morning

\$ MY WAY \$

And now, the end is near, and so I face the final curtain,  
I lost my outboard tanks, my gun, my bombs, my wings I'm certain,  
I planned the mission well, I briefed to fly right down the highway,  
I armed it up and pickled once, and did it my way.

Regrets, I have a few, they disapproved my last extension,  
They've cast a jaundiced eye upon the need for my retention,  
I flew the day before, I logged my time, not in a shy way,  
I guess I should have logged much more, but I did it my way.

Well, there were times, I'm sure you knew, when you were good, but I was too.  
The scores come back, you had your doubt, I'd won it all, I'd cleaned you out.  
Today that's changed, I missed the range, but hit the highway.

I've loved I've laughed and cried, I've had my fill, my share of losing,  
And now they say I lied, but I don't care, it's so amusing,  
My boss discussed the flight, each detailed step, along the biway.  
And then he said, "Don't use your head, just do it my way."

But I've got to stand on my own two feet, so keep your kids off of the street.  
I've got to fly, and fight, and sing, to keep my cool and do my thing.  
I'll cross the seas, and even kill the trees, but I'll do it my way.

ZACK

Oh, my name is Zack, diddlyac, diddlyac  
I'm a necrophiliac, diddlyac, diddlyac  
Oh, I fuck dead women, diddlyac, diddlyac  
And I fill 'em full of semen, diddlyac

Oh, I get frustrated, diddlyac, diddlyac  
When a woman gets cremated, diddlyac  
Oh a burials a must, diddlyac, diddlyac  
Cause you can't FUCK DUST!!!!

\$ ON TOP OF THE POP UP \$  
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of the pop up  
And flat on my back  
I lost my poor wingman  
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent  
The sites were all dead  
Until we rolled in  
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs  
The missiles flashed by  
Sweet Mother of Jesus  
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit  
I'm going to bust."  
Not one Goddamn Elint  
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots  
And listen to Dad,  
Forget about jinking  
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you  
Their flak reaches far  
It's a long walk to Takhli  
And a beer at the bar.



§ YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT §  
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

By the ring around his eyeballs, you can tell a bombardier  
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread across his rear  
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, charts, and such  
And you can tell a Fighter Pilot, but you can't tell him much.

CHORUS: It's a lie, It's a lie,  
You can tell the silly bastard it's a lie, lie, lie  
It's a lie, It's a lie,  
You can tell the silly bastard it's a silly fucking lie.

First lady forward and the second lady back  
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack  
Then you gather all together in the middle of the room  
Will the lady who just farted kindly leave the fucking room

CHORUS

We fly our fucking fighter down to forty fucking feet  
Through the fucking corn and through the fucking wheat  
First you fly the fuckers up, then you fly the fuckers down  
And you'll be the first to know it when you hit the fucking ground

CHORUS

Rollin' in on the target with your burners all aglow  
You put your piper on them and you let your napalm go  
First you jink out to the left and then you jink out to the right  
And you hit the deck a-running and make it home another night.

RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

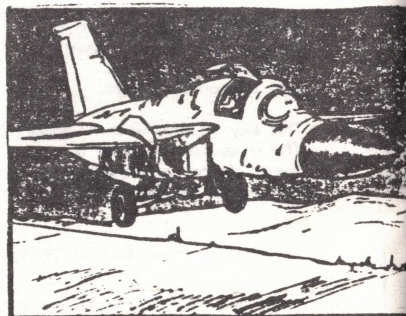
Rip the feathers away  
Oh, rip the feathers away.  
The ass of a duck  
Makes a wonderful fuck,  
When you rip the feathers away.

§ PHANTOM FLYERS IN THE SKY §  
(Green Berets)

Phantom flyers in the sky  
Persian-pukes prepare to die  
Rolling in with snake and nape  
Allah creates but we cremate

North of Tehran, we did go  
When the FAC said from below  
"Hit my snake, and you'll find  
The Arabs there are in a bind."

I rolled in at a thousand feet  
I saw those bastards, beating feet  
No more the, 'll pillage, kill, and rape  
'Cause we f--ied 'em with our nape



§ RED RIVER RATS §

the Red River Rats meet again  
Telling tales remembering when  
Battles joined in the skies, shed our blood, gave our lives.  
The Red River Rats meet again

War is never a beautiful thing  
But we fought for the right on the wing  
Dropping bombs, dodging flak, fighting MIGs, we'll be back  
Shout the rats battle cry, let it ring

Sing the Red River Rats battle hymn  
Hold your head high, stand tall you are men  
Never run from a fight, be prepared day and night  
Sing the Red River Rats battle hymn

Look around there's a few empty chairs  
Honored comrades should be sitting there  
Some are dead where they fell, some fight on from a call  
Charge your glass, raise high, drink to them

Well, I'll tell you a tale that'll curl your hair  
I'll tell you the truth cause I was there  
About what happened in Ho Chi Minh's backyard

Gyrene sailor and Air Force type  
Black smoke pouring from a hot tailpipe  
Flying and fighting and living a life that's hard

Black smoke, black smoke red sam fire  
Pressing your luck right down to the wire  
Pickle 'em off and boot that baby for home

But the battle ain't over till you're parked in the chocks  
So if you fly and fight keep your guns unlocked  
And don't try to fly and fight if you're all alone

What's that telltale wisp I see  
That's a contrail pulled by a Fishbed C  
The cards are stacked and it looks like time to deal

Leads got bandits twelve o'clock high  
Let's bend it around and scramble for sky  
And arm your guns, this ain't no game it's real

We flew the valley and the railroad lines  
From Dien Bien Phu to the Cham Pho mines  
But the price was high and measured in rich red blood

When tales are told in the halls of fame  
When warriors meet you'll hear these names  
Skyhawk, Crusader, Intruder, Phantom, Thud-

The Red River Rats meet again  
Telling tales, remembering when  
Battles joined in the skies, shed our blood, gave our lives  
The Red River Rats meet again

"There are two kind of aircraft, FIGHTERS and TARGETS!!!"



§ THE WILD WEST SHOW §

"GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
WELCOME TO THE WILD WEST SHOW!"

CHORUS: Oh, We're off to see the Wild West Show,  
The elephants and the kangaroos.  
Never mind the weather, as long as we're together,  
We're off to see the Wild West Show.

INTRO: Tonight for you we have the most fantastic, incredible, animal acts ever seen  
before the eyes of man on the face of this earth. Tonight for you we have the  
famous.....

response: "FANTASTIC, INCREDIBLE, NO SHIT, TELL US ABOUT THE MOTHERFUCKER!"

VERSES

Intro.....Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki Bird

Response

The Ki, Ki, Ki, Ki bird is a very strange animal indeed. He flies along at 21,500'  
looking for targets. As he spies his prey, he folds his wings and starts down a precise  
75° dive. Down he goes gaining speed—18,000', 10,000'—His vision begins to blur from  
the wind blast—7,000'—faster and faster—3,000'—1,500'—500'—He starts has pull out  
100'—50'—He puts out his wings, grabs his prey with his mighty talons and says—"Ki,  
Ki, Ki, Krist that was close!"

CHORUS

Intro.....Fukawi Tribe

Response

The Fukawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed. They're a tribe of three foot tall  
pygmies living in four foot tall elephant grass. They spend their whole life going  
around saying, "Where the fuck are we, where the fuck are we?"

CHORUS

Intro.....Lulu the tattooed lady

Response

Lulu the tattooed lady is a very strange lady indeed. She has a "W" tattooed on her  
left cheek and a "M" tattooed on her right cheek. When she bends over she spells "WOW"  
and when she stands on her head she spells "MOM". But when she does cartwheels, she  
spells "WOW MOM, WOW MOM"

CHORUS

Intro.....Mathematical Impossibility

Response

the mathematical impossibility is a very strange girl indeed. She's the only girl  
around who was eight (ate) before she was seven.

CHORUS

Intro.....Shoe Clerk

Response

The Shoe Clerk is a very strange human like animal. He's the only animal known that you  
can throw into a barrel of tits and he'll come up sucking his own thumb.

CHORUS

Intro.....Female Horny Bird

Response

The Female Horny Bird can be distinguished by her cry "Wantsome, Wantsome!", and the  
Male Horny Bird by his cry, "Hereit-tis, Hereit-tis!!"

CHORUS

THE WILD WEST SHOW (continued)

Intro.....Lulu the Tattooed ladies sister

Response

Lulu the tattooed ladies sister is a very strange lady indeed. She has Merry Christmas  
tattooed on one thigh, and Happy New Years tattooed on the other. She wants everybody  
to see her between the holidays.

CHORUS

Intro.....OND Bird

Response

The OND bird is very strange bird indeed. He has six inch balls, yet only four inch  
legs. Just prior to the OND bird landing you can here him scream, "OH NO, OH NO!!!"

CHORUS

Intro.....Rat-a-tat-tat Bird

Response

The Rat-a-tat-tat bird is a very strange bird indeed. He has six inch, yet only four  
inch legs. His favorite roosting place is on corrugated tin roofs. You can always tell  
when a Rat-a-tat-tat bird is about to land, because you'll here a distinct  
"Rat-a-tat-tat, Rat-a-tat-tat" as his balls bang on the roof.

§ ASHAU VALLEY §

Oh who'll take the mail through the Ashau Valley?

REPLY: I'll take the mail through the Ashau Valley

What about the lions?

REPLY: Fuck the lions.

You'd fuck a lion?

REPLY: I'd fuck a lion's mother.

YOU LION MOTHER FUCKER

Who'll take the mail through the Ashau Valley?

REPLY: I'll take the mail through the Ashau Valley.

What about the indians?

REPLY: Fuck the indians.

You'd fuck an indian?

REPLY: I'd fuck an indians' mother.

YOU SAVAGE MOTHER FUCKER.

Who'll take the mail through the Ashau Valley?

REPLY: I'll take the mail through the Ashau Valley.

What about the ducks?

REPLY: Fuck the ducks.

You'd fuck a duck?

REPLY: I'd fuck a duck's mother.

YOU FOWL MOTHER FUCKER.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE

Oh, would you like to sit on my face

Spread your ass all over the place

Stick my nose in a fragrant place

Or would you rather suck my hog.



\$ SIXTEEN TIMES \$

Some people say a man is made of fear,  
But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer,  
Whiskey and beer, rum and gin,  
If you fly the dot, you're going to spin in.

CHORUS: Ya fly sixteen times and what do you get?

Another day older and your weapon is bent,  
St. Peter don't you call me, I'm weak and lame,  
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,  
Got my chute and went down to the line,  
Down to the line to fly the F-4E.  
But it was raining so hard that I couldn't see

They blew the whistle when I was still in the rack,  
I thought, My god, we are under attack.  
Ran to my bird but it was all in vain,  
Was just another silly fucking command post game.

Took off one morning with blood in my eye,  
I'd had my fill of kimchi and rye,  
Pickled on a bomb pass and the gun fell free,  
They're going to hang my ass from the nearest tree.

When you see me coming better break to the right,  
Cause the Javats and the panthers had a party last night.  
My eyeballs are red and I'm as mean as a bear,  
Believe me, Buster, better clear the air.

\$ FIREBALL ON THE HILLSIDE \$

There's a fireball down there on the hillside,  
And I think maybe we've lost a friend,  
But we'll keep on flying and we'll keep on dying,  
For duty and honor never end.

There's an upended glass on the table,  
Down in front a lone empty chair,  
Yesterday, we were with him, and today God be with him,  
Whenever he is in your care.

They were four when they took off this morning,  
Their duty was there in the sky,  
Only three ships came back, blue four ain't returnin',  
To blue four hold your glasses high.

There's a fireball down there on the hillside,  
And I think maybe we've lost a friend,  
But we'll keep on flying and we'll keep on dying,  
For duty and honor never end.

THE PALE MOON

It's not the pale moon that excites me.  
That thrills and delights me. Oh no.  
It's your ass, It's your ass, It's your BIG FAT ASS.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.  
Let me stroke your vulva, 'Til it fills with goo.  
Let me bite your boobies, 'Til they're black and blue.  
Let's play hide the weenie, up your old wazoo.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders,  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man.  
The wind from her drawers, blew out six windows,  
The cheeks of her ass went:  
BAM! BAM! BAM!

\$ USAF DO DA SONG \$

Lookin' goods a full time job, do da do da  
Makes us all look like a knob! oh do da day!

Change that patch and shine those shoes, do da do da  
Or your lips your sure to lose, oh do da day!

One, two, three STARS on their way, do da do da  
Looks like work call Saturday, oh do da day!

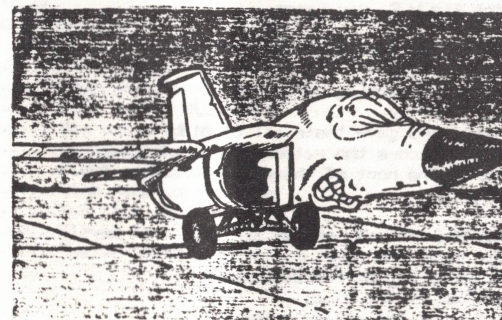
Mop that floor and paint that door, do da do da  
When your done there's plenty more, oh do da day!

He who tapes shit on the walls, do da do da  
Risks the loss of both his balls, oh do da day!

Hot cock jets for everything, do da do da  
You'd think we're puppets on a string, oh do da day!

Not enough hours in a day, do da do da  
Put off one more day, oh do da day!

Cause looking goods a full time job, (SLOWLY) OH DO DA DAY!





# OLD MacDonald

Old MacDonald had a farm, E. I. E. I. OH.  
And on this farm he had some Cows, E. I. E. I. OH.  
With a Cow, Cow here, and a Cow, Cow there,  
Here a Cow, there a Cow, everywhere a Cow, Cow  
Old MacDonald had a farm E. I. E. I. OH.

Same Refrain with:

BULL

PIG (He porked it!)

RAM

GOOSE

SHARK

FAGGOT GESTURES  
HIGH PITCHED VOICE

APPROPRIATE  
PELVIC MOTIONS

LIE ON THE FLOOR

Old MacDonald had a farm, E. I. E. I. OH.  
And on this farm he had some Pullets, E. I. E. I. OH.  
And he Pulled it here, and he Pulled it there,  
Here a Pull, there a Pull, everywhere a Pull, Pull  
Old MacDonald had a farm E. I. E. I. OHHHHHH.

# \$ AIR FORCE SONG \$

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder  
Climbing high, into the sun.  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,  
At 'em boys, give her the gun.  
Down we dive, spouting our flames from under,  
Off with one hell of a roar.  
We live in fame, or go down in flame,  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,  
Set it high into the blue.  
Hands of men blasted the world asunder,  
How they lived God only knew!  
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer,  
Gave us wings., ever to soar!  
With fighters before and bombers galore,  
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast,  
The vastness of the sky.  
To a friend we send a message of,  
His brother men who fly.  
We drink to those who gave their all of old,  
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.  
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast,  
The U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,  
Keep the wings level and true.  
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder,  
Keep your nose out of the blue!  
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,  
We'll be there, followed by more!  
In echelon we carry on,  
Nothing'll stop the U.S. Air Force!

# \$ THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN \$

A handsome young airman lay dying,  
And as on the airdrome he lay,  
To the mechanics who 'round him came sighing,  
These last parting words he did say:  
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,  
The connecting rods out of my brain,  
The crankshaft out of my backbone,  
And assemble the engine again!"

# \$ JOY TO THE WORLD \$

Joy to the world, the bombs will come  
Let's all go join the fun  
The bridges, dams, and power plants  
The schools, the kids, and even ants  
Will know the awesome sound  
Of bombs hitting the ground  
They'll shiver, they'll quiver  
Gee, war is fun.

# \$ MARIANNE BURNS \$

Marianne Burns is the queen of all acrobats  
She can do tricks that would give a cat the shits  
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice  
Do a double flip and catch them in her tits  
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch, twice a big as me  
Hairs around her asshole like the branches on a tree  
She can shoot, fly, fart, fuck, she can even drive a truck  
Marianne Burns is the girl for me

# THE TWELVE DAYS OF RED FLAG

On the first day of Red Flag,  
My true love gave to me,  
A blow job in the latrine.

On the second day of Red Flag,  
My true love gave to me,  
Two brass balls and a blow job in the latrine.

3rd day.....Three french ticklers  
4th day.....Four cock suckers  
5th day.....Five mother fuckers  
6th day.....Six sacks of shit  
7th day.....Seven scrotums swinging  
8th day.....Eight assholes aching  
9th day.....Nine nymphos nibbling  
10th day.....Ten tits a-tingling  
11th day.....Eleven lesbians licking  
12th day.....Twelve twats a twitching



\$ ARGENTINIAN SONG \$  
(donated by Capt Dave "Nipper" Clark)

What do ya do with an Argentinian? What do ya do with an Argentinian?  
What do ya do with an Argentinian? Earli in thy morning!!  
NUKE! NUKE! NUKE! THE BASTARDS.  
NUKE! NUKE! NUKE! THE BASTARDS.  
NUKE! NUKE! NUKE! THE BASTARDS. Earli in thy morning!!!

What do ya do with an A-4 Skyhawk? What do ya do with an A-4 Skyhawk?  
What do ya do with an A-4 Skyhawk? Earli in thy morning!!  
Stuff 'em up the ARSE with an AIM 9 lima!  
Stuff 'em up the ARSE with an AIM 9 lima!  
Stuff 'em up the ARSE with an AIM 9 lima! Earli in thy morning!!!  
(repeat all previous verses)

What do ya do with a Mirage 2000! What do ya do with a Mirage 2000!  
What do ya do with a Mirage 2000! Earli in thy morning!!  
Smash 'em in the face with a SkyFlash missile!  
Smash 'em in the face with a SkyFlash missile!  
Smash 'em in the face with a SkyFlash missile! Earli in thy morning!!!  
(repeat all previous verses)

What do ya do with the Argi ground troops? What do ya do with the Argi ground troops?  
What do ya do with the Argi ground troops? Earli in thy morning!!  
Nape, Nape, Palm those BASTARDS!  
Nape, Nape, Palm those BASTARDS!  
Nape, Nape, Palm those BASTARDS! Earli in thy morning!!!  
(repeat all previous verses)

What do ya do with the Argi bombers? What do ya do with the Argi bombers?  
What do ya do with the Argi bombers? Earli in thy morning!!  
Strafe 'em on the ground before their airborne!  
Strafe 'em on the ground before their airborne!  
Strafe 'em on the ground before their airborne! Earli in thy morning!!!  
(repeat all previous verses)

(SLOWLY)  
What do ya do with the Argi widows? What do ya do with the Argi widows?  
What do ya do with the Argi widows? Earli in thy morning!!  
(FAST)  
Kill their sons and fuck their daughters!  
Kill their sons and fuck their daughters!  
Kill their sons and fuck their daughters! Earli in thy morning!!!  
(repeat all previous verses)

POETRY  
(donated by Capt Dave "Nipper" Clark)

Poetry, Poetry, How do you like my poetry?  
Not as mellow as longfellow, but it's poetry.  
(repeat prior to each verse)

Rub a dub, dub, 3 men in a tub: BUTT FUCKING

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow  
It followed her to school one day: AND A BIG BLACK DOG FUCKED IT!

There once was a lady who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many kids....HER CUNT FELL OUT!!

POETRY (continued)

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of water.  
Jack fell down and broke his dick, SO, JILL HAD TO MASTURBATE!!

Little boy blue (blew)...HE NEEDED THE MONEY!!

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet, eating her curds and wey.  
Along came a spider and sat down beside her  
a) AND SAID WHAT'S IN THE BOWL BITCH  
b) SO SHE SMASHED HIM WITH HER SPOON

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, to fetch her poor dog a bone.  
But when she bent over, old rover drove her.  
CAUSE OLD ROVER HAD A BONE OF HIS OWN!!

Little Jack Horner, sat in the corner, eating his sister away.  
He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum.  
AND SAID WHERE'S YOUR CHERRY, BITCH!!

Hickery Dickery Doc, three mice ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one, AND KILLED THE LITTLE FUCKER!!

Rock a bye baby on the tree top.  
Your mothers a whore and I'M NOT YOUR POP!!

Mary, Mary quite contrary  
Shave that pussy CAUSE IT'S JUST TO HAIRY!!

Mary had a little sheep, and with this sheep she did sleep.  
But, that little sheep was a ram, SO MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB!!

Hickery Dickery Doc, this chick was sucking my cock.  
The clock struck two, and I shot my goo  
AND DROPPED THE BITCH OFF AT THE NEXT BLOCK!!

Jack and Jill went up the hill, each with a buck and a quarter.  
Jill came down with two fifty, THE WHORE!!

Mary, Mary quite contrary, how does your garden grow?  
Silver bells and cock-a-shells, AND A GREAT BIG FUCKIN CUCUMBER!!!

Three blind mice, three blind mice,  
See how they run, see how they run!  
WHERE THE FUCK DO THEY THINK THEY'RE GOING!!

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick  
Jack's a fag, CAUSE HE SUCKS DICK.

"Only the spirit of attack, born in a brave heart, will bring success to any fighter  
aircraft, no matter how highly developed it may be."  
-Adolf Galland-



YOU CAN'T BE FLYING ALL THE TIME SO:

### GAMES

#### QUIJONGBU

DESC: A game of chance played with 5 dice.

OBJ: To win.

PURP: To promote alcoholism.

#### BASIC RULES

1. The highest total score at the end of the game buys!
2. Three's count as zero (three's are free) and should be pulled.
3. Roll all five dice on first roll.
4. On each roll, one die is turned over and that point now showing is the point for that roll.
5. The remaining dice are collected and rolled again.
6. Again, a die is turned over and that point is added to the growing total.
7. Repeat five and six until all dice have become points. Total your score and pass the cup.
8. Remember, because three's are free, they should be pulled prior to turning the point die over. But, if your last die is a three, it must be turned to a four point because of rule #4 in that one die must be turned over.

#### COMBAT RULES

Violators of these rules buy when "Combat Rules" are in effect:

1. Each player should preflight his ordnance (if he rolls four dice instead of five, he buys.)
2. Insulting the dice:  
- If the value of the dice you select as the point dice is already showing on another die and you go ahead and turn over the die instead of just pulling the other die, you buy.
3. Stacking the dice.
4. Rolling the dice off the bar or table.
5. Asking what the point is.

#### DECEASED INSECT

If you don't know how to play "Deceased Insect", ask any FIGHTER PILOT!!!

#### THE DOLLAR BILL GAME

A game of chance played with the serial numbers of any bill denomination (Kimbchee money is legal), to promote the consumption of any stimulating beverage. The holder of the hammer draws a dollar bill from his wallet. He then asks the smackwad on his left or right to choose the first two or the last two numbers of the series. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to guess 0-99. He will state whether the guess was high or low. This is continued until some fool guesses the number and buys his friends a drink. If play continues around to the hammer, he must take the next closest number by one.

#### COMBAT RULES

Same as above with the following additions:

1. First two or last two are determined prior to drawing the bill out.
2. The hammer has one look at the bill and places it face down on the table.
3. The hammer responds either high or low only once for each guess. If he forgets he buys.
4. If anyone has to ask what's high or low, he buys but play continues for another round of drinks.
5. The hammer may claim any number is the point (LIE!!!!)
6. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge. If the hammer is in error (CAUGHT LYING), the hammer buys. but, if the kill is validated, the loser buys double.
7. Anyone who guesses outside the high or low brackets buys, but the game is continued.

#### 21 ACES

A game of chance played with 5 dice and a cup. the player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round. To begin, the player with the hammer rolls all 5 dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all 5 dice again until he does not roll any aces. He then passes the cup to the next player. Each player will continue to roll all 5 dice until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only 4 dice are rolled. One more die is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have one die left to roll for the 21st ace.

#### MAJORDA 21 ACES

The game is played the same as above except the player who rolls the 7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it. The player rolling the 14th ace pays for the drink. The player rolling the 21st ace drinks!





#### 4,5,6

A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks. The player with the hammer establishes the pot(money). Each player in turn can bet (cover) part or all of the pot. After the entire pot is covered or each player has bet. The hammer establishes the point. He then bets his point individually against each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled. The following rules apply:

1. 4,5,6 roll is an automatic winner.
2. 1,2,3 roll is an automatic loser.
3. 6 point is an automatic winner.
4. 1 point is an automatic loser.
5. Trips are an automatic winner.
6. tie is a push with no money exchanged.

The following rules apply to the pot:

1. Money cannot be pulled from the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4,5,6.
2. The hammer can pull the entire pot but then must pass the dice to the left.

The following rules apply to the sequence of passing the hammer:

1. When an entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last bettor.
2. If someone rolls a 4,5,6, he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round.
3. If two or more 4,5,6's are rolled the first one receives the hammer.

#### BOWLING FOR BEERS

Any sub 100 game will result in a beer frame.

Any first ball that is a gutter ball will result in a beer frame.

Any non-mark frame in an all mark frame, regardless of strike or spare combinations, will result in a beer frame.

Any all mark frame will result in the next frame being a beer frame.

During a beer frame it will be the lowest score of both balls (bowling balls, that is) that buys the beer for the beer frame.

There is a three foot bubble around all bowlers. Violation of this three foot bubble will result in a beer frame for the guilty bastard.

If a player drops the gate on a bowler and bowlers ball strikes the gate, it shall be a beer frame for the guilty bastard who dropped the gate.

All beer frames will be marked with a star by the bowlers name, and numbered in order. As the beer frames are bought and paid for the numbers will be circled to indicate payoff.

All deliveries of the MARK 3 MOD 0 bowling ball will be restricted to manual deliveries only.

#### CRUD STANDARDS (adapted from "Canadian" rules)

EQUIPMENT: 1 SNOOZER TABLE, 1 STRIPED OBJECT BALL, 1 CUE BALL

PLAYERS: ANY NUMBER OF PLAYERS MAY PARTICIPATE EITHER AS INDIVIDUALS OR FORMED INTO TEAMS.

OBJECT: TO KEEP THE BALL IN MOTION OR SINK IT IN ANY POCKET.

---

1. LIVES: Each player is allotted 3 lives. Any further participation in the game after these lives are lost will result in loss of life for another live team member.
2. REFeree(S): One or two referees may be used with the head referee being situated at the center pocket (the second referee situated at the remaining center pocket). All players must go around the referee and loss of life/or replacement of drink for interference with the referee is to be left to the discretion of the head referee. If the game is played for stakes, each referee is entitled to receive one full player's stake from the losing team. Stakes will be presented at the table by the losers with a toast.
3. BLOCKING: May only be in the form of Hazing. The shooter owns the table.
4. SERVICE: The object ball is spotted on the black ball spot. The server is allowed serves to put the object ball in motion. The object ball must move at least 6 inches (a dollar bill may be used).
5. The team which lost the last life has the choice of serving or receiving service.
6. During service, a serve will be called if the cue ball passes the side pockets of the table. The cue ball may touch any number of banks on the table prior to striking the object ball.
7. No one other than the next person to shoot may touch the cue ball. Service will not commence until the referee has signaled that both teams are ready.
8. Once the object ball has been spotted by the referee, it will not be moved except from contact with the cue ball or by the referee.
9. PLAY: Play must be made from either end of the table. The shooter must have at least one foot on the floor and must have at least the center of his hips around the corner of the table during his shot. The object ball must move at least 6 inches on all shots. (Exception: Double Kiss as defined in #20) The cue ball must leave the shooter's hand prior to contact with the object ball (no push shots).
10. If either ball leaves the table after the shot, the shooter incurs a loss of life, regardless of any contact with the ball after it leaves.
11. If the object ball is sunk in any pocket, the opposing player who last shot the ball loses a life, unless in the referee's judgement, the following player on that team had a reasonable chance to shoot at the object ball.
12. Any contact with the object ball other than with the cue ball results in a loss of life for the offender. (This includes ties, sleeves, etc.)
13. The object ball will be considered to be in motion, if after it moves 6 inches, it is still spinning, even if forward movement is stopped.

(cont.)



14. If a player misses the object ball, he may retrieve the cue ball and shoot again as long as the object ball is still in motion.

15. If team play is in progress, the team order must be maintained. Any member of a team may call for play to stop if he feels the opposing team is out of order. However, only the referee may stop play. If upon investigation by the referee, the call is found to be justified, the player who shot out of turn loses a life. If the call is incorrect, the player who called for stoppage of play loses a life. The referee is not responsible for maintaining the shooting order of the game other than as noted above.

16. Any fazing of the shooting player must leave him an unobstructed view of the object ball or loss of life will be called against the offender.

17. Substitution may take place during a game provided both team captains agree and the referee is informed prior to such substitution.

18. If a player's foot comes in contact with the playing surface of the table, loss of life occurs. Table abuse will not be tolerated, with loss of one or more lives at referee's discretion.

19. Drop shots are not acceptable and a life will be assessed. (Release of ball six or more inches above playing surface)

20. DOUBLE KISS: (cue hits object ball twice with cushion) is playable.

21. Initial serve is awarded to the team who's captain's simultaneous lag, after touching far cushion, comes to a rest closest to near side of table without contact. Losing team has choice of ends to defend.

#### \* OPTIONAL BRIEFING ITEMS (NON-STANDARD) \*

2a. The first player to lose all three lives will buy the referee(s) a drink.

3a. Stationary defensive blocking is allowed at table ends I.A.W. shooter criteria. (see rule #9)

3b. Stationary blocking may be conducted from any of the four table sides.

5a. The team which won the the last life has the choice of serving or receiving.

5b. Should any player remain as the SOLO representative of his team, that player automatically has the serve/receive choice. (Single Man Rules)

15a. Other than in rule 15 above, the predesignated team captain is the only player allowed to address the referee(s). A violation equals a life.

16a. The defender may completely guard the object ball visually during service.

22. Arguing, quibbling, delay of the match, and overall conduct, as determined by the referee(s) personal tolerance, will result in loss of life.

**\*\* Non-Standards must be agreed upon by team captains prior to start. \*\***

#### STANDARDIZED BREVITY CODES

We are sorely lacking in standardized brevity codes to be used when TDY to an alien O'club. The following concise and standardized transmissions will be used by all fighter jocks when maneuvering south of the brass footrail:

AUTONOMOUS INTERCEPT  
BINGO  
BREAK

BANDIT  
BUGOUT  
BULLSEYE  
CHEAP SHOT  
CHECK FUEL  
CONTACT  
CONTACT LOST  
CORNER VELOCITY

ENGAGED  
FOX I  
FOX II  
FOX III  
GRAPE  
IN

JINKOUT

KNOCK-IT-OFF

SHACK  
ON THE DECK  
ON TOP

PIREP  
REATTACK

SCISSORS

SNAP SHOT

ZIPPER

Moving in on a chick while wearing a TDY nametag.  
Your beer can's empty.

Aggressive maneuver to be used when you've got a pig at '6' & closing.

Unescorted female.

Last ditch maneuver to be used if the BREAK was ineffective.  
The only female in the Incirlik (CLOVIS) bar.

A glass of OI' Redeye on the rocks.

Shake your beer can.

She gazes up into your eyes.

You breathed on her.

The maximum speed at which you can run 'em without your girl finding out.

What she thinks she is if you give her your squadron patch.

The first good-looking female in the bar.

The second good-looking female in the bar.

N/A at active units.

A blind, deaf 82-year old parapalegic who's hot to trot.

Engaged Fighter in hot pursuit; implies that free fighter

either support or get the fuck out of the way.

Required maneuver when the spouse sneaks unobserved into deep

'6' while you're IN. Should be unnecessary if free fighter is

properly supporting.

Call made by BANDIT when she thinks the engagement has gone

far enough. COMM OUT signal is a well-placed knee.

Result of a well-placed knee.

Crawling up to the barstool.

One of two choices a BANDIT has for terminating an

engagement.

A lie told in the bar by the jock just back from IC.

When you are unsuccessful on your first attack and there's

nothing better in sight.

A series of quick, clever statements designed to negate the

BANDIT's defensive maneuvering. To be used only if a QUICK

KILL is not feasible.

"Hi! I fly jets. How do you like me so far?" (Often followed

by a KNOCK-IT-OFF).

A major defensive threat to an inebriated fighter jock. Can

be overcome with a cooperative BANDIT, or by ripping and

tearing.







THE END

